LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 4. NO. 13 | WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913. | WHOLE NUMBER 169

LADY SPRING-RICE A NATIVE OF WASHINGTON

Lady Spring-Rice, the wife of the British ambassador, enjoys the unique distinction of being a native Washingtonian, while at the same time to the last degree British, without any kinship with the younger English-speaking nation. She was born here during her parents' residence, and there remain old inhabitants who still remember the little girl of three as she was when her father was removed to another capital.

In Sir Cecil and Lady Spring-Rice may be found another example of the liberal-minded, democratic representatives of his Britannic majesty made familiar in Mr. and Mrs. James Bryce. It fits entirely with the leveling process apparent everywhere that Great Britain, hitherto aloof and caste-ridden, is represented here by a man who knows this country as his own and who has always manifested a sincere admiration for republicanism in the best interpretation of the word. Lady Spring-Rice offers delightful possibilities, to Washington generally rather than to the inner circle wherein the former Brittishers have revolved.

Washington has not yet had the pleasure of welcoming this latest addition to the ambassadorial set, for she went direct to Dublin, N. H., from her steamer. She has not been strong this past year, and her husband was solicitous lest the excitement attendant on her arrival at the new home might prove too fatiguing.

As the daughter of a diplomatist and statesman whose name is international, Sir Francis or more familiarly known Frank Lascelles, Lady Spring-Rice, is really what is so vaguely known as a cosmopolite. One of her chief joys, says her husband, will be to discover how many old friends are now residing in Washington both in the diplomatic corps and in American public life. Sir Cecil was promoted from the legation at Stockholm to the embassy here, and the same procedure marked the transfer of the present ambassador from Austria-Hungary, M. Constantin Dumba. It happens that this is the fourth post at which Sir Cecil and M. Dumba have been colleagues and, of course, they have become close friends, almost brothers, and the same cordial ties unite their wives and children.

Of the corps serving in Washington Lady Cecil has known the Belgian minister and his American wife, Mr. and Mrs. Havenith, the latter formerly Miss Helen Ffoulke of this city. She also knew the Swiss minister when he was in Tokio, and the minister from the Netherlands, Mr. Loudon, and his wife, American-born Lady Eustis of the well-known Louisiana family, who also came to Washington after residing for nearly ten years in Japan. Of the officials in public life the British ambassador knows Senator and Mrs. Lodge very well, and they have also a close friendship with the former President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Indeed, a bit of exceedingly interesting diplomatic gossip was that when Germany sent to Washington a close friend of the president's, Baron Speck von Sternbury, the minister of foreign affairs, wavered for a time between the selection of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and James Bryce, and finally selected the latter because of his greater age and experience.

Sir Cecil is endeavoring to carry out some of the commissions of Lady Rice in the arrangement of the embassy. The British government furnished the home of its envoy, but at present it looks quite bare, stripped of the private possessions of the Bryces and lacking those of the new family.

MAP OF WHOLE WORLD, PLAN OF SCIENTISTS

According to a report made by Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., retired, discoverer of the north pole, to the National Geographic society, the most famous geographers of all countries are soon to prepare an aeronautical map of the whole world.

This was decided at the tenth International Geographic congress, which was held at Rome in April. For the purpose an international meeting will be called, which will determine conventional signs and rules of uniform construction for such a chart, which is to be on a scale of 1-200,000.

Ten other propositions of international interest to geographers were approved by the congress, the most important of which are detailed in Admiral Peary's report, which has just reached the National Geographic society. Admiral Peary was one of the delegates to the congress from the society, the other American members of the organization of the congress being Henry Gannett, president of the society; Gen. Hubbard, president of the Peary Arctic club; Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N.; Prof. Libbey of Princeton university, Dr. Arthur. L. Day of Washington, W. W. Rockhill and Profs. Davis, Ward and Daly of Harvard university.

Among the propositions approved by the congress, in addition to the one for the aeronautical map, Admiral Peary says in his report, may be noted the following:

"To convoke another official conference, in Paris, near the end of the current year, to which delegates from all civilized countries are to be invited, to determine questions of detail of a 1—100,000 world map.

"That the most important problems to be settled in connection with the international exploration of the north Atlantic ocean relate to the size, he regional extent and the nature of periodical variations of water layers to the depth of 1,000 meters, and it was recommended to continue systematic observations upon ocean currents and upon the temperature and salinity near the surface of the sea.

"That the Royal Danish Geographical society invite the general secretaries of the principal geographical societies of the world to meet in Denmark in 1914 for the purpose of organizing a world union of geographical societies.

"To organize in each country during the summer vacation periods of the higher institutions of learning international courses of instruction in geography, in which foreign savants would be invited to take part. The plan contemplates also the founding of an international geographical institute, the seat of which is left for later determination, this institute to direct and co-ordinate the studies and all geographical initiatives which have an international character.

"For the preparation of a universal geography as a complement to the 1-1,000,000 world map, and the presentation to the next congress of a practical working plan for such preparation."

SOCIETY MADE MRS. CARTER'S POODLE SICK

Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last.

Alexander Pope, you may remember, wrote that. So it is evident that away back in those days there were women who loved their canine pets just about as much as does Mrs. William E. Carter of Bryn Mawr, New York, Philadelphia, Newport and various other centers of fashion. Mrs. Carter, it will be remembered, is the woman who has retired from social circles temporarily while her Pekinese poodle, Hee Too, is recovering from an attack of nervous prostration brought on by the festivities of the fashionable summer season.

Mrs. Carter has a specialist and a trained nurse down from New York to help her care for Hee Too, and it is believed that with rest and good care the patient will recover. Until he does there is nothing doing in the social line at the Carter villa in Newport.

Mrs. Carter paid $5,000 for Hee Too, but she thinks more of him than the five thousand vulgar dollars represent.

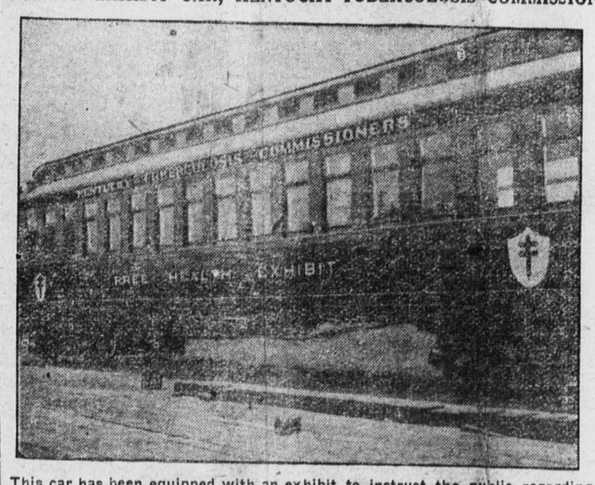
He has a pedigree as long as your arm and there are some fanciers who insist that Hee Too is a distant relation of a blue-blooded ancestor that once sat in the lap of Queen Victoria and was fondled frequently by the late King Edward.

But his pedigree is not the only claim to distinction which Hee Too possesses. He's a trick dog who can actually sit up and beg, can jump through a hoop and they do say he has table manners so elegant as to make the most fastidious of his royal breed sit up and take exceptional notice.

There is a certain sentiment surrounding the poodle, too. Mrs. Carter made a trip to England especially to get Hee Too. She had a dog just like Hee Too, and she thought a lot of it. With her husband she was bringing the original Hee Too back from Europe on the Titanic, when that steamship struck an iceberg and went to the bottom. Hee Too the First went down with the ship. Mr. and Mrs. Carter managed to get into a lifeboat with their children and were saved. But poor Hee Too the First, with a half dozen canine companions, was swallowed up in the waters.

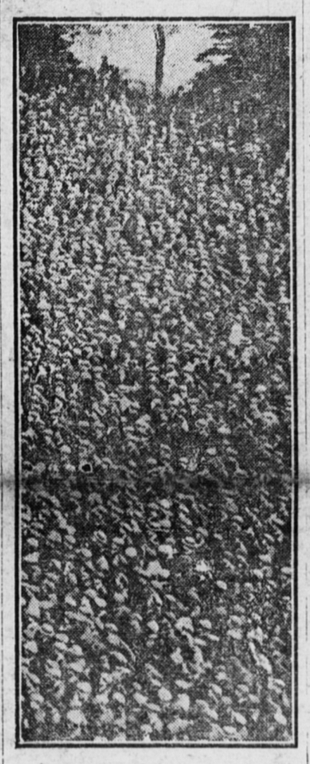
The first Hee Too was a great favorite with Mrs. Carter, and there was much ado about his sudden and early demise. The Carters heard of another Hee Too in London, who looked for all the world like a twin brother of He Too the First. So Mrs. Carter got aboard ship, took a trip to England and brought back with her the Hee Too which is now prostrated at Newport.

HEALTH EXHIBIT CAR, KENTUCKY TUBERCULOSIS COMMISSION



This car has been equipped with an exhibit to instruct the public regarding the spread, cure and prevention of consumption. It will cover first the L. & N. lines in the State. Admission is free; and numerous free illustrated lectures will be given evenings in outside halls.

SEE THE CROWD?



You could not spare the time to talk to each of them personally, but you can talk to as many or more by using our advertising columns. And you can address each of them confidentially and at a time that he will listen attentively to what you say.

We are using this space now to tell all these people that we do

ALL SORTS OF PRINTING

at prices that are right.

BATH TUBS!

Keep on friendly terms with your bath tub. It is the business of the skin to pass off to the surface of the body some of the waste products. In the process of hard manual work or violent exercises unusual large amounts of waste products are made, and the sweat carries them off with greater rapidity. The action of the breeze and the rubbing of the clothes remove some of this waste, but it can not be thoroughly done except with water. A warm bath with the use of a little soap once a week is the minimum with which the skin can do its best work. Baths can well be taken more frequently, especially if one takes a great deal of exercise. Quick baths in cold water without the use of soap toughens the body and makes one less liable to have colds. However, such baths do not give the skin a thorough cleansing, and ought not to be taken by very delicate, sensitive people except under the recommendation of a physician. Baths not only cleanse the skin, but they also start the blood to moving faster. It is known also that they have a marked effect on the nervous system. People who are exceedingly nervous or insane can be more easily and surely quieted by properly administered baths than in any other way. For continuous mental and physical health, a bath a day is an excellent rule. Teach this to your children!

Kentucky Tuberculosis Commission.

No matter how hard your head aches, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills will help you.

Cannel City Oil Field

Proving Up to be One of the Best in Kentucky

Some Facts Showing that the "Oil City Derrick" is Knocking This Field

From the August 22 issue of the Oil Gity Semi-Weekly Derrick, published at Oil City, Pa., we clip the following:

"In the Cannel City field, in Morgan county, M. L. Conley hit a dry spot in his second well on the Asa Carter farm. The Maple Leaf Oil & Gas Co., formerly reported as Darrow, Collier & Conley, has drilled in No. 1, L. M. Haney farm, and the well produced 50 bbls."

It is evident from the above that some one is deliberately misrepresenting the Cannel City Oil Field to the Derrick; the presumption being that no reputable publicationn would distort facts and figures after receiving them from a correspondent.

The L. M. Haney well No. 1, which the Derrick says produced 50 barrels, flowed, when it was drilled in about August 10, at the rate of fifty barrels per hour for 24 hours before the flow could be controlled. The well has been producing steadily since Aug. 12, an average of 125 barrels per day. On last Saturday, Aug. 30, the L. M. Haney well No. 2 was drilled in by the Maple Leaf Oil & Gas Co., which promises to be as good as No. 1.

These figures came direct from headquarters and are not based upon guesswork nor speculation. We would advise our contemporary, the Derrick, to investigate the character of its correspondent before it essays to give the oil news from the Cannel City field.

Here are some facts in regard to the Cannel City field which will give the public an idea of its magnitude.

In production it is second in Kentucky only to the Wayne county field.

There have been drilled up to September 1, twenty-eight wells of which twenty were producers and eight dry or with small showing of oil but not enough to pump.

The producing wells belong to seven companies and one individual, divided as follows:

Maple Leaf Oil & Gas Co.,	4
Kentucky Block Co.	4
Ohio Fuel Co.	3
M. L. Conley	3
Gray Eagle Oil & Gas Co.	2
Loeb Bros.	2
Cannel City Oil & Gas Co	1
Burton Fork Oil & Gas Co.	1

The run of these wells for August was sixty-six tanks, averaging 175 baarels per tank, or 11,550 barrels of oil, which sold for $1.35 per barrel.

There are four other wells being drilled at present (Sept. 1), and eighteen locations made.

Of the producing wells the L. M. Haney No. 1, and the Keeton well, each pumping about 125 barrels per day, are the best and the Brushy Fork well, belonging to M. L. Conley, which produces ten to twelve barrels per day, and which is not located in the main field, the weakest.

Incident to the development in the main field, Benedum & Trees, of Pittsburg, Pa., are drilling on the Jim Matt Oney farm on White Oak; C. E. Stalker, of Pittsburg, is drilling on the Jim McClure farm on Grassy Creek, and Judge G. T. Center, of Campton, Ky., will shortly start a string of tools on Red River. Thus it will be seen that Morgan county will soon be fairly well developed.

It is to be hoped that the Derrick will be a little more careful of its figures hereafter and will pay a little more attention to the kind of man, or men, from whom it it is getting its information.

Knocking is poor policy in the long run.

High School Opens Monday.

The West Liberty High and Graded School will open its fifth annual session Monday Sept. 8, 1913. All the patrons and friends of the school are cordially invited to be present at the opening exercises on Monday morning to meet the new teachers and to show by their presence and words of welcome that they are vitally interested in the success of the school, and that they intend to help make this the most successful year in its history.

H. C. WILSON, Principal.

A Card.

In making the race for Assessor I permitted nothing to be done in my campaign that would lower the morality of the good citizenship of Morgan county. I accept defeat with good will toward all good democrats and with malice toward none. I shall never forget my friends who so loyally supported me, and have no ill will toward any one on account of the result. I am in hearty sympathy with and will earnestly support all of the democratic nominees in November as all good democrats should.

S. D. GOODWIN.

Prominent Citizen Dead.

Anderson Day, a respected and well-to-do farmer of this county, died at his home near Lenox, August 30, of blood-poisoning, caused, it is thought, from picking a brier out of his finger.

Deceased was about sixty-six years old and leaves a wife and several children. Funeral services were conducted from the residence Sunday by Elders R. H. Ferguson and Lonnie Gillum, after which the remains were interred in the family graveyard near the home.

Buys Property.

Dr. A. P. Gullett has purchased of Dr. J. E. Goodwin his property on Main street. Dr. Gullett and family moved to their new home last week and he will now be much more convenient to his work. The doctor is not a new comer but just moved from another part of the town. The neighbors welcome the doctor and his family and regret the loss of Dr. Goodwin who made many friends during his residence in West Liberty.

New Goods.

The Courier reporter passing the door of T. B. Sturdivent & Son's New Store on Main street a few evenings ago, noticed that everybody was busy within. A look inside disclosed that the entire force was busy opening and marking new goods. We went inside and found that the day's receipt of new goods included dry goods, clothing, trunks, suit cases, queensware, etc. "Bent" stopped work long enough to say: "I am trying to furnish the people what they want, and to sell at the lowest—." But he will tell you about that in his big advertisement next week.

Democratic Committee Meeting.

The members of the Morgan County Democratic Executive Committee will take notice that said committee is called to meet at the court house in West Liberty, Ky., Saturday, Sept. 6, 1913, at 1 o'clock, p. m. for the purpose of perfecting an organization for the November campaign and transacting other business. This call is made pursuant to the request of three committeemen, the County Chairman, C. W. Womack, being absent from the State.

CHAS. D. ARNETT,
Sec. Morgan Co. Dem. Com.

Church Buys Lot.

The Missionary Baptist church, represented by Eld. H. M. Eastes of Morehead, who conducted a protracted meeting here during last week, has purchased the vacant lot on the east side of Main street, between the Masonic Hall and H. M. Cox's stable, upon which they will erect a modern church building. The lot was purchased of Mr. Cox and the stipulations call for the removal of the stable which will be done at once. The church people will begin work on their building in the near future.

Arrests Horse Thief.

Deputy Sheriff D. G. Lacy, of Caney, accompanied by someone whose name we failed to learn, arrested Arkill Turner, of Breathitt county, who was accused of stealing a horse in Magoffin county recently, and delivered him to jailer H. C. Combs, of this county, one day last week.

The arrest of a horse thief carries with it a reward of $50.00 which is paid by the Commonwealth upon the conviction of the thief.

Under New Management.

Mrs. Hattie Moore has leased the Cole Hotel from her father, J. H. Cole, and is now in charge. Mrs. Moore is thoroughly experienced in the hotel business and the house has been thoroughly refurbished, and eveything in point of service and cusine is up to the latest minute. The Cole Hotel has for years been accounted one of the best in the mountains, and Mrs. Moore will see to it that it gains in good repute.

Buys Fine Farm.

Harris Howard, of White Oak, one of Morgan county's most progressive farmers, bought at a commissioner's sale at Salyersville Monday what is known as the Gardner farm, at the Meadows of Licking, above Salyersville. This is one of the most desirable tracts of land in Magoffin connty. It contains about 1,200 acres, most of which can be cultivated. A great deal of it has virgin timber and is underlaid with coal.

The price paid was $26,625.00.

Tripple Killing.

Word comes from Magoffin county of a pitched battle on the head of the river above Salyersville Sunday in which three men were killed. The dead are Nero and Seymore Howard, brothers, and a young man named Cornett. Details are meagre but it seems that there had been trouble before and that they met at church Sunday and resumed hostilities, Cornett killing the Howards and they killing him.

Dr. Motley Insane.

Dr. O, H. Motley, who killed Fidavy Dennis at Ezel last April, and whose case was transferred to Lawrence county for trial, was adjudged insane by a jury of that county last week and ordered taken to the Eastern Kentucky Asylum for the insane at Lexington.

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER TO TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for rheumatism

Local and Personal.

HUMAN RECIPE

To a skin quite tanned from days on the sand,
And a nature that fears no peril,
Add the thinnest of hose, a very few clothes—
And behold this cute bathing girl.

S. J. Lykins, of Caney, was here on business Tuesday.

J. T. Day, of Cannel City, was in town on business Tuesday.

Miss Prudie Dyer was a pleasant caller at the Courier office Monday.

The Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Grant Bays Thursday, Sept. 4.

W. C. Lacy and family visited friends at Salyersville the first of the week.

B. Franklin, of Logville, transacted business in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Carter are visiting relatives in Clark county this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Easterling, of Forest, were shopping in town Tuesday.

Jas. M. Elam is seeing the sights in Cincinnati and Middletown, O, this week.

Miss Fern Cottle has been visiting Miss Elsie Katherine McGuire in the country.

G. W. Phillips visited his brother, M. A. Phillips, at Stanton, from Friday till Monday.

We are glad to report that those reported sick a week or two ago are all about well.

Miss Ollie Hensley, of Ceredo, W. Va., is a guest of Mrs. Hattie Moore, at the Cole Hotel.

Mrs. Boyd Whitt and children are visiting Mrs. Whitt's brother, Jno. R. Bays, at Lexington.

Al Garver, of Cannel City, stopped over Sunday night in town enroute to Huntington, W. Va.

Messrs. W. A. Duncan, J. P. Haney and J. H. Fraley were in Cincinnati on business last week.

Steve Kash, of Ezel, representing Trimble Grocery Co., was here this week calling on our grocers.

Miss Winalee Moore left Wednesday for Midway where she will enter the Kentucky Female Orphan School.

Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Sparks, of Alice, were here Tuesday. Mrs. Sparks was having some dental work done.

Miss Nettie Richardson, who has been visiting the Misses Cisco, returned to her home at Mt. Sterling Monday.

Miss Linda Adkins left Wednesday to begin her second term at the Kentucky Female Orphan School at Midway.

Miss Effie Belle Blair, who has been visiting relatives near Monticello, Ill. for several weeks, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Grant Bays, Misses Aura Maxey, Cleo Bays and Mattie Blair returned last week from visiting relatives at Jackson.

Edward F. Cecil, of Hazel Green, democratic nominee for Representative, was here last week in the interest of his campaign.

L. Darrow, of LaPorte, Ind., who has been spending most of his time for the last six months in the Cannel City oil field, has gone home for a ten days' rest.

Remember the ice cream social at the Christain Church Saturday, Sept 6, at 7:30 p. m. Pure Ice Cream, Home Made Cake, and a splendid program, all for 15 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt Easterling, of Kearney, Neb., are visiting relatives in this county. This is their first visit to their old home since they went away several years ago.

County Judge I. C. Ferguson, attorneys J. B. Phipps, A. N. Cisco and I. C. Rose and Master Commissioner S. R. Collier attended the Lawrence circuit court at Louisa last week.

The Ladies Aid will give an ice cream social at the Christian church Saturday evening, September 6, at 7:30. A splendid program will be rendered. Pure cream and home-baked cake will be served, all for 15 cents. Come all and spend a pleasant evening.

Elderly people use Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets because they are mild.

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

Issued Thursday by
The Morgan County Publishing Co.

Terms—One Dollar a year in advence.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

Democratic Ticket.

For State Senator,
CHAS. D. ARNETT.

For Representative,
E. F. CECIL.

For County Judge,
S. S. DENNIS.

For County Attorney,
S. M. R. HURT.

For County Court Clerk,
REN F. NICKELL.

For County Superintendent,
JAMES W. DAVIS.

For Sheriff,
L. A. LYKINS.

For Jailer,
H. C. COMBS.

For Assessor,
A. O. PEYTON.

For Surveyor,
M. P. TURNER.

For Coroner,
OLLIE B. NICKELL.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

1s district—James R. Day,
2nd district—J. M. Carpenter,
3d district—J. M. Gevedon,
4th district—B. F. Blankenship,
5th district—W. C. Taulbee,
6th district—T. S. McGuire,
7th district—D. M. Cox,
8th district—A. J. Fraley.

CONSTABLES.

2nd district—Martin Mannin,
5th district—W. E. Bentley,
6th district—W. J. Griffitts,
7th district—M. G. Wolfenbarger,
8th district—Bruce Perry.

Might we suggest that a good plan to end the revolution in Mexico would be to send a bunch of Breathitt feudists down there?

Has any one seen anybody dynamiting, seining, or otherwise catching fish illegally in Morgan county? Don't all speak at once—it might be confusing.

The high cost of living is the great question of today; but if we would only stop to consider the cost of high living it would do more good than we think.

Some of the city papers are poking fun at a country editor for saying "the recent rains did not end the drougth." We can bring proof from here to subtantiate the country editor.

Would to God that the newspapers would give Harry Thaw a rest as they are giving Caleb Powers. Free advertising is what he's after and he's getting plenty of it. Hush the stuff.

If free advice as to how to run a newspaper were worth half as much as the giver thinks it ought to be, ever one of the force, from editor to devil, could wear good clothes and the office cat be bedecked with a silk ribbon.

The Post Office Department has ruled that letterheads and similar printed matter are mailuble by parcel post. This will be good news to many people who could not understand why such articles were being discriminated against.

The COURIER is always willing to oblige, and also has a decided penchant for the appropriate in all things. So it tenders this advice to the fusionists in regard to the selection of a name and device for their ticket. If they desire that the emblem be emblematic of their chances to win they might select a crying child reaching for the moon, and to typify their purpose they might adopt the name of "Soreheads."

READ, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES!

On next Saturday, September 6, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the Democratic Executive Committee of Morgan county has been called, by the acting chairman, to meet at the Court House. Business of importance will come before the committee at that meeting. Of importance to whom? To you, democratic nominees! Of vital importance to you if you expect to get elected to the offices for which you were nominated. You, your deputies and your friends ought to be here on that day. The committee would be encouraged by your presence. You ought to come to West Liberty September 6, and come loaded with plans for the campaign now on. You've got to organize. If you don't, some of you are "goners." I'm not scared of the result in November. I'm just giving you plain talk. You can win, each and every one of you, if you'll get together, organize and fight. But some of you have been too damned apathetic, or, if you don't know what that means, too careless. You've not tried to affect an organization. Yon've not been doing anything to any purpose. In union there is strength.

They are after some of your scalps with contests, others with republican, and still others with independent tickets, and you had better be strengthening your breastworks. The democrats of Morgan county are not going to lie down on you, but you must organize and get out the voters in November. The stay-at-home vote has defeated many a candidate, and overconfidence in the voters coming to the polls has been the downfall of many.

Come to the committee meeting, bring your deputies and your friends. Give the campaign definite action, work in concert and in harmony and you will win, every devil of you.

QUEER.

It is our information that the town tax is now due and being collected. Can such a thing be true?

Strange!

Almost unbelievable!

Why, a whole lot of money was collected last year! Why can't the Town Board use that if they are in need of funds? They must still have it lying in the town treasury. We've asked them repeatedly to tell us what they did with it and they refused to tell us a tarnal thing. It was our money before we paid it to the town. It ought to be ours yet unless the "City Dads" can find some use for it. Suppose you pay it back to the taxpayers and let them use it to pay their 1913 taxes. It would come in mighty handy for some of us. Speaking individually, I don't believe I'll be able to pay mine unless you do this. At least, if you can't, or won't, give us back our money yo ought to tell us what "you all done" with it. That would be mighty nice in "you all," don't you think?

Crop reports show that the corn crop in the United States will fall at least forty per cent below the average. This means higher prices for breadstuffs. Even the weather seems to have joined hands with the trusts to increase the cost of living.

HUMAN RECIPE

To hair quite black, trousers slack,
A bow tie and a queer foreign name
Add paintings rare, a dreamy stare—
And behold this artist of fame.

Neuralgia causes great suffering. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills give great relief.

GUMPTION

Which is Common Sense without Educational Furbelows.

By L. T. HOVERMALE.

Pleading the Baby Act.

Four of the candidates who were defeated in the recent primary have bolted and announced that they will run independent. A glance at the wording of their announcements forcibly recalls the fact that each of the four, prior to the primary, had out announcements as candidates. In their bolting announcements the words, "subject to the action of the free and independent voters of Morgan county." This brings us to the question of what "subject to the action of" means. I, along with most democrats, have been taught to believe that it meant that when democrats contended against each other for party nominations that the unsuccessful candidates would bow gracefully to the will of the majority of his party and be "subject to its action." That's what they came before the democrats in the primary promising to do—"subject to the action of the democratic party," so read their announcements.

* *

But they were not subject to the action of the democratic party. They refuse to abide by the will of the majority—repudiate their announcement to be "subject to the action of the democratic party"—and announce that they are candidates "subject to the action of the free and independent voters of Morgan county." Every unpurchasable citizen of the county, republican and democrat, is a free and independent voter, and when the loyal and faithful "free and independent" democrats of Morgan county roll up big, safe majorities for all of the nominees will these bolting candidates be "subject to the action of the free and independent voters of Morgan county," or will they again repudiate their announcements and still seek the offices through the courts?

* *

Sensible democrats, who realize that the perpetuation of democratic principles depends upon preserving the solidarity of the party organization, are not going to leave the party to satisfy the desire of the bolting candidates. The bolt savors too much of the the baby act—of child's play. A crowd of children will engage in a game. Frequently there will be a boy or two that will want to rule it, and if they are denied that privilege they try to break up the game. Because a lawful primary election of their party refused to nominate them, these men now seek to disrupt the party. Oh, yes, they'll give you "reasons" why they are bolting—Belzeebub gave reasons for revolting against the power of God—but deep down in your heart *you* know that their real reason is that they did not get the nomination. Look at the defeated candidates who accepted the will of the majority gracefully and manfully. Does not their loyalty to their party and their devotion to their ideals of manliness and moral courage cause them to rise higher and higher in your confidence and esteem? They are courageous and *good democrats.*

* *

And when the bolters "took their doll rags" and quit playing with the democratic children where do we next find them? Why, with their playhouse set up in the republican party's back yard, seeking to seduce the republican nominees away from a regular romination to form a "hogback" ticket. Headfirst into the camp of the party whose principles are squarely opposed to democratic principles. If you are a democrat because you believe in the good old principles of the party that has ever stood for God and right you will have no part in this effort to wreck that party to satisfy the misguided ambition of a few disappointed office seekers.

* *

Now a few words to the democrats who compose the rank and file of the party—who are not office-seekers. The fate of the party lies with you. We have just had the first primary under a new primary law. The law was imperfectly understood, and is imperfectly drawn. Because the law was imperfectly understood a great many republicans, contrary to the law, were allowed to vote in the democratic primary. In this county the honors were about even as the defeated candidates got their share of them. I mention this only to impress upon you the necessity of voting the democratic ticket this fall if you want to participate in the next and future primaries. The same misunderstanding existed all over the State, affecting each party alike in counties where either was in the majority. But it won't happen again. Although the law as it now stands provides that no man can participate in his party primary unless *he supported his party ticket the November election previous.* Already the party authorities are devising legislation that will enable the provisions of the law to be carried out, and to prevent men from voting in the primaries of other parties than their own. Registration in rural districts, provision for party challengers, penalties against election officer for allowing men ballots to which they are not entitled, and various other means are under consideration. You may rest assured that there will be no democrats voting in republican primaries or republicans in democratic ones. The law will be amended and enforced, and he who fails to vote his party ticket in November will be denied the right to vote in the next primary.

* *

With no excuse save disappointed ambition to cause them bolt I take it that the bolting candidates will find it a hard job to induce good democrats to follow them, and if you will tell them so plainly when they come to you they will get ashamed and quit.

You, fellow democrats, can not afford to throw aside the principles you love and have advocated all your life just to aid a few disappointed office-seekers.

Repetition

Is essential to making an impression. The boy learns the multiplication table by saying it over and over until he can't say it wrong. It is no truer after it is learned than it was before. Repeating it a thousand times does not alter the facts. But repetition does make the knowledge certain.

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Lv. Daily ex Sund'y	Lv. Daily ex Sund'y	Lv. Sunday only		Arr Daily ex Sund'y	Arr Daily ex Sund'y	Arr Sunday only
s7 20 a. m.	s2 15 p.m.	s9 30 a. m.	Morehead	s11 57 a m	s5 20 p.m.	s12 30 p m
s7 25 "	s2 20 "	s9 35 "	Clearfield	s11 52 "	s5 16 "	s12 27 "
f7 36 "	f2 31 "	f9 45 "	Summit	f11 42 "	f5 06 "	f12 17 "
f7 44 "	f2 39 "	f9 55 "	Lick Fork	f11 34 "	f4 59 "	f12 07 "
s7 55 "	s2 50 "	s10 07 "	Paragon	s11 25 "	s4 50 "	s11 55 a m
f8 08 "	f3 03 "	f10 17 "	Upper Lick	f11 13 "	f4 38 "	f11 43 "
s8 12 "	s3 07 "	s10 20 "	Craney	s11 09 "	s4 34 "	s11 40 "
s8 17 "	s3 12 "	s10 25 "	Pretty Bra'ch	s11 04 "	s4 29 "	s11 35 "
f8 22 "	f3 17 "	f10 30 "	Lime Kiln	f10 59 "	f4 25 "	f11 30 "
f8 25 "	f3 20 "	f10 35 "	Bucket	f10 55 "	f4 21 "	f21 25 "
s8 30 "	s3 25 "	s10 40 "	Blair's Mill	s10 51 "	s4 17 "	s11 20 "
s8 42 "	s3 35-3 45	s10 50 "	Wrigley	s10 40-9 05	s4 07 "	s11 10 "
s8 52 "	s3 55 "		Redwine	s8 55 "	s3 57 "	
Arr Daily ex Sund'y	Arr Daily ex Sund'y	Arr Sunday only		Lv. Daily ex Sund'y	Lv. Daily ex Sund'y	Lv. Sunday only

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THE Melting of Molly

By
MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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It is a lonely house across the garden with the big and the tiny man in it all by themselves. And tears, from another corner of my heart entirely, rose to my eyes at the thought, but they, too, never fell, for I heard Mrs. Johnson calling, and I had to run down quick and see what new delicacy had arrived for my party.

Uncle Thomas Pollard had sent me a quart bottle of his private stock with the message to put the mint to soak just one hour and twenty minutes before the men came. I made room for it beside the case of champagne on the cellar shelf and wondered how they would stand it all. We don't have champagne often in Hillsboro, and when we do nobody seems to want to cut down on the juleps, consequently—well, nothing ever really happens! However, it must have been the champagne that made Tom act as he did. He was never like that before.

Somehow I didn't enjoy dressing tonight for my dinner as I did for the dance, and when I was through I stood before the mirror and looked at myself a long time. I was very tall and slim and—well, I suppose I might say regal in that amethyst crape with the soft rose point, but I looked to myself about the eyes as I had been doing for years when I put on my Sunday clothes to go to church with Mr. Carter. He was always in a hurry, and I didn't care about looking at myself in the mirror anyway. Nobody else ever looked at me and what was the use? And tonight that Rene triumph made me feel no different from one of Miss Hettie Primm's conceptions that I had been wearing for ages with indifference and total lack of style. I shrugged my shoulder almost out of the dress with what I thought was sadness, though it felt a trifle like temper, too, and went on down into the garden to see if any of my flowers had a cheer up message for me.

But it was a bored garden I stepped into just as the last purple flush of day was being drunk down by the night. The tall white lilies laid their heads over on my breast and went to sleep before I had said a word to them, and the nasturtiums snarled around my feet until they got my slippers stained with green. Only Billy's bachelor's button stood up stiff and sturdy, slightly flushed with imbibing the night dew, and tipped me an impertinent wink. I felt cheered at the sight of them and bent down to gather a bunch of them to wear, even if they did swear at my amethyst draperies, when an amused smile that was done out loud came from the path just behind me.

"Don't gather them all tonight, Mrs Peaches," said Dr. John teasingly as he stooped beside me. "Leave a few for—for the others." I waked up in a half second and so did all those prying flowers, I felt sure.

"I was just gathering them for place bouquets for—for the girls," I said stupidly as I moved over a little nearer to him. Why it is that the minute that man comes near me I get warm and comfortable and stupid, and as young as Billy and bubbly and sad and happy and cross, is more than I can say, but I do.

I never possibly know how to answer any remark that he may happen to make unless it is something that makes me lose my temper. His next remark was the usual spark.

"Better give them the run of the garden—alone, Mrs. Molly. No show for 'em unless you do," he said laughingly, "or the buttons either," he added under his breath so I could just hear it. I wish Mrs. Johnson could have heard how soft his voice lingered over that little half sentence. She was so experienced she could have told me if it meant—but, of course, he isn't like other men!

There are lots of questions I'm going to ask Alfred after I'm married to him—Mr. Carter didn't know anything about anything and I never cared to ask him, but I wonder how you know when—

"Oh, you Molly!" came a hail in Tom's voice from the gate, just as I was making up my mind to try to think up something to wither the doctor with, and he and Ruth came up the front walk to meet us. I wondered why I was having a party in my house when being alone in my garden with just a neighbor was so much more fun, but I had to begin to enjoy myself right off, for in a few minutes all the rest came.

I don't think I ever saw my house look so lovely before. Mrs. Johnson had put all the flowers out of hers and Mrs. Cain's garden all over everything, and the table was a mass of soft pink roses that were shedding perfume and nodding at one another in their most society manner. There is no glimmer in the world like that which comes from really old polished silver and rosewood and mahogany, and one's great-great-grandmother's hand woven linen feels like oriental silk across one's knees.

Suddenly I felt very stately and granddamey and responsible as I looked at them all across the roses and sparkling glasses. They were lovely women, all of them, and could such men be found anywhere else in the world? When I left them all to go out into the big universe to meet the distinctions that I knew my husband would have for me, would I sit at salt with people who loved me like this? I saw Pet Buford say something to Tom about me that I know was lovely from the way he smiled at me, and the judge's eyes were a full cup for any woman to have offered her. Then in a flash all the love fragrance seemed to go to my head—Tom's mixing of that julep had been skillful, too—and tears rose to my eyes, and there I might have been crying at my own party if I hadn't felt a strong warm hand laid on mine as it rested on my lap, and Dr. John's kind voice teased into my ears, "Steady, Mrs. Peaches, there's the loving cup to come yet," he whispered. I hated him, but held on to his thumb tight for half a minute. He didn't know what the matter really was, but he understood what I needed. He always does.

And after that everybody had a good time, the ginger barber and Judy as much as anybody, and I could see Aunt Bettie and Mrs. Johnson peeping in the pantry door, having the time of their lives too.

That dinner was going like an airship on a high wind, when something happened to tangle its tail feathers and I can hardly write it for trembling yet. It was a simple little blue telegram, but it might have been nitroglycerin on a tear for the way it acted. It was for me, but the ginger barber handed it to Tom, and he opened it and, looking at me over his full—after many times emptied—glass, he solemnly read it out loud. It said:

Landed this noon. Have I your permission to come to Hillsboro immediately? Answer. ALFRED.

It was dreadful. Nobody said a word and Tom laid the telegram right down in his plate, where it immediately began to soak up the dressing of his salad. He was so white and shaky that Pet looked at him in amazement, and then I am sure she had the good sense to find his hand under the cloth and hold it, for his shoulder hovered against hers and the color came back to his face as he smiled down at her.

I don't believe I'll ever really get the courage to look at Tom again until he marries Pet, which he'll do now, I feel sure.

And as for the judge and Ruth Chester, I was glad they were sitting beside each other, for I could avoid that side of the table with my eyes until I had steadied myself a few seconds at least. The surprise made the others I had been dining seem statues from the stone age, and only Mr. Graves' fork failed to hang fire. His appetite is as strong as his nerves, and Delia Hawes looked at his composure with the relief plain in her eyes.

Henrietta's smile in the judge's direction was doubtful. But they were not all my lovers, and why that awful silence?

I couldn't say a word, and I am sure I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for the doctor. He leaned forward, and his deep eyes came out in their wonderful way and seemed to collect every pair of eyes at the table, even the most astounded, as he raised his glass.

We all held our breaths and waited for him to speak.

"No wonder we are all stricken dumb at Mrs. Carter's telegram," he said in his deep voice that commands everybody and everything, even the terrors of birth and death. "The whole town will be paralyzed at the news that its most distinguished citizen is only going to give them two days to get ready to receive him. I can see the panic the brass band will have now getting the brass shined up, and I want to be the one to tell Mayor Pollard myself, so as to suggest to him to have at least a two hour speech of welcome to hand out at the train. We'll make it one 'hot time' for him when he lands in the old town, and here's to him. God bless him! Every glass high!" They all drank, and I suppose it helped them. I wish I could have drained a quart, but I couldn't swallow a sip, though I did a good stunt of pretending.

The rest of this evening has paid me off for every sin I have ever committed or am ever going to commit. Tom took Pet home early, and I hope they walked in the moonlight for hours. Tom is the kind of man that any pretty girl who is loving enough in the moonlight could comfort for anything. I'm not at all worried about him, but—

The hour I sat on my front steps and talked to Judge Wade must have brought gray hairs to my head if it was daylight and I could see them. Ruth Chester had said goodby with the loveliest haunted look in her great

"Every glass high!"

dark eyes, and I felt as if I had killed something that was alive and that I hadn't killed it enough. Dr. John had been called from his coffee to a patient and had gone with just a friendly word of good night, and the others had at last left the judge and me alone—also in the moonlight, which I wished in my heart somebody would put out.

They say among the lawyers that it is a good thing that Benton Wade is on the bench, for it is no use to try a case against him when he has the handling of a jury. He just looks them in the face and tells them how to vote. Tonight he looked me in the face and told me how to marry, and I'm not sure yet that I won't do as he says. Of course I'm in love with Alfred, but if he wants me he had better get me away quick before the judge makes all his arrangements. A woman loves to be courted with poems and flowers and deference, but she's mighty apt to marry the man who says, "Don't argue, but put on your bonnet and come with me." The fact that it was too late to get into the clerk's office saved me tonight, but in two days—

Oh, I'm crying, crying in my heart, which is worse than in my eyes, as I sit and look across my garden, where the cold moon is hanging low over the tall trees behind the doctor's house and the light in his room is burning warm and bright. They are right—he doesn't care if I am going away forever with Alfred. His quick toast to him and the lovely warm look he poured over poor frightened me at his side as he drank his champagne told me that once and for all. Still, we have been so close together over his baby and I have grown so dependent on him for so many things that it cuts into me like a hot knife that he shouldn't care if he lost me—even for a neighbor. I shouldn't mind not having any husband if I could always live close by him and Billy like this, and if I married Judge Wade I could at least have him for a family physician. No—I don't like that! Of course I'm going with Alfred, now that an accident has made me announce the fact to the whole town before he even knows it himself, but wherever I go that light in the room with that lonely man is going to burn in my heart. Hope it will throw a glow over Alfred!

LEAF TENTH.

Dashed!

I DO believe God gave that wise angel charge concerning me lest I get dashed, but I just got dashed anyway, and it's my own fault, not the angel's. I have suffered this day until I want to lay my face down against the hem of his garment and wait in the dust for him to pick me up. I shall never be able to do it myself, and how he's going to do it I can't see, but he will.

That dinner party last night was bad enough, but today's been worse. I didn't sleep until long after daylight and then Judy came in before 8 o'clock with a letter for me that looked like a state document. I felt in my trembly bones that it was some sort of summons affair from Judge Wade, and it was. I looked into the first paragraph and then decided that I had better get up and dress and have a cup of coffee and a single egg before I tried to read it.

Incidental to my bath and dressing, I weighed and found that I had lost all four of those last surplus pounds and two more in three days. Those two extra pounds might be construed to prove love, but exactly on whom I was utterly unprepared to say. I did not even enjoy the thinness, but took a kind of already married look in my glass and tried to slip the egg past my bored lips and get myself to chew it down. It was work, and then I took up the judge's letter, which also was work and more of it.

He started in at the beginning of everything—that is, at the beginning of the tuberculosis girl, and I cried over the pages of her as if she had been my own sister. At the tenth page we buried her and took up Alfred, and I must say I saw a new Alfred in the judge's bouquet strewn appreciation of him, but I didn't want him as bad as I had the day before when I read his own new and old letters and cried over his old photographs. I suppose that was the result of some of what the judge manages the juries with. He'd be apt to use it on a woman and she wouldn't find out about it until it was too late to be anything but mad. Still, when he began on me at page 16 I felt a little better, though I didn't know myself any better than I did Alfred when I got to page 20.

What I am is just a poor, foolish woman, who has a lot more heart than she can manage with the amount of brains she got with it at birth. I'm not any star in a rose colored sky, and I don't want to inspire anybody. It's too much of a job. I want to be a healthy, happy woman and a wife to a man who can inspire himself and manage me. I want to marry a thin man and have from five to ten thin children, and when I get to be thirty I want my husband to want me to be as fat as Aunt Bettie, but not let me. An inspiration couldn't be fat, and I'm always in danger from hot muffins and chicken gravy. However, if I should undertake to be all the things Judge Wade said in that letter he wanted me to be to him, I should soon be skin and bones from mental and physical exercise. Still, he does live in Hillsboro, and I won't let myself know how my heart aches at the thought of leaving my home and other things. It's up in my throat and I seem always to be swallowing it, the last few days.

All the men who write me letters seem to get themselves wound up into a skyrocket and then let themselves explode in the last paragraph, and it always upsets my nerves. I was just about to begin to cry again over the last words of the judge when the only bright spot in the day so far suddenly happened. Pet Buford blew in with the pinkest cheeks and the brightest eyes I had seen since I looked in the mirror the night of the dance. She was in an awful hurry.

"Molly, dear," she said, with her words literally falling over themselves, "Tom says you'll give us some of your dinner leftovers to take for lunch in the auto, for we are going way out to Wayne county to see some awfully fine tobacco he has heard is there. I don't want to ask mother, for she won't let me go, and his mother, if he asked her, will begin to talk about us. Tom said come to you and you would understand and fix it quick. He said kiss you for him and tell you he said 'Come on in, the water's fine.' Isn't he a joke?" And we kissed and laughed and packed a basket, and kissed and laughed again for goodby. I felt amused and happy for a few minutes and also deserted. It's a very good thing for a woman's conceit to find out how many of her lovers are just make believes. I may have needed Tom's deflection.

Anyway, I don't know when I ever was so glad to see anybody as I was when Mrs. Johnson came in the front door. A woman who has proved to her own satisfaction that marriage is a failure is at times a great tonic to other women. I needed a tonic badly this morning, and I got it.

"Well, from all my long experience, Molly," she said as she seated herself and began to hem a dish towel with long, steady stabs, "husbands are just stick candy in different jars. They may look a little different, but they all taste alike and you soon get tired of them. In two months you won't know the difference in being married to Al Bennett and Mr. Carter and you'll have to go on living with him maybe fifty years. Luck doesn't strike twice in the same place and you can't count on losing two husbands. Al's father was Mr. Johnson's first cousin and had more crochets and worse. He had silent spells that lasted a week and family prayers three times a day, though he got drunk twice a year for a month at a time. Al looks very much like him."

"Mrs. Johnson," I said after a minute's silence, while I had decided whether or not I had better tell her all about it (if a woman's in love with her husband you can't trust her to keep a secret, but I decided to try Mrs. Johnson), "I really am not engaged exactly to Alfred Bennett, though I suppose he thinks so by now if he has got the answer to that telegram. But—but something has made me—made me think about Judge Wade—that is, he—what do you think of him, Mrs. Johnson?" I concluded in the most pitifully perplexed tone of voice.

"All alike, Molly; all as much alike as peas in a pod; all except John Moore, who's the only exception in all the male tribe I ever met! His marrying once was just accidental and must be forgiven him. She fell in love with him while he was treating her for typhoid, when his back was turned, as it were, and it was God's own kindness in him that made him marry her when he found out how it was with the poor thing. There's not a woman in this town who could marry, that wouldn't marry him at the drop of his hat; but, thank goodness, that hat will never drop and I'll have one sensible man to comfort and doctor me down into my old age. Now, just look at that! Mr. Johnson's come home here in the middle of the morning and I'll have to get that old paper I hunted out of his desk for him last night. I wonder how he came to forget it!" It's funny how Mrs. Johnson always knows what Mr. Johnson wants before he knows himself and gets it before he asks for it!

As she went out the gate the postman came in, and at the sight of another letter my heart again slunk off into my slippers and my brain seemed about to back up in a corner and refuse to work. In a flash it came to me that men oughtn't to write letters to women very much—they really don't plow deep enough; they just irritate the top soil. I took this missive from Alfred, counted all the fifteen pages, put it out of sight under a book, looked out the window and saw the ginger barber coming dejectedly around to the side gate from the kitchen—I knew the scene he had had with Judy about the bottle encounters of the night before—saw Mr. Johnson shooed off down the street by Mrs. Johnson; saw the doctor's car go chucking hurriedly in the garage, and then my spirit turned itself to the wall and refused to be comforted. I tried my best, but failed to respond to my own remonstrances with myself, and tears were slowly gathering in a cloud of gloom when a blue gingham, rompers clad sunbeam burst into the room.

"Git your nightgown and your toothbresh quick, Molly, if you want to pack 'em in my trunk!" he exclaimed, with his eyes dancing and a curl standing straight up on the top of his head, as it has a habit of doing when he is most excited. "You can't take nothing but them 'cause I'm going to put in a rope to tie the whale with when I ketch him, and it'll take up all the rest of the room. Get 'em quick!"

"Yes, lover, I'll get them for you. But tell Molly where it is you are going to sail off with her in that trunk of yours?" I asked, dropping into the game as I have always done with him, no matter what game of my own pressed when he called.

"On the ocean where the boats go 'cross and run right over a whale. Don't you remember you showed me them pictures of spout whales in a book, Molly? Doc says they comes right up by the ship and you can hear 'em shoot water. And maybe a iceberg, too. Which do you want to ketch most, Molly, a iceberg or a whale?" His eager eyes demanded instant decision on my part of the nature of capture I preferred. My mind quickly reverted to those two ponderous and intense epistles I had got within the hour, and I lay back in my chair and laughed until I felt almost merry.

"The iceberg, Billy, every time," I said at last. "I just can't manage whales, especially if they are ardent, which word means hot. I like icebergs or I think I should if I could catch one."

"I don't believe you could, Molly, but maybe Doc will let you put a rope and a long hook in his trunk to try with if your clothes go into mine. His is a heap the biggest anyway and Nurse Tilly said he oughter put my things in his, but I cried and then he went upstairs and got out that little one for me. Come see 'em!"

"What do you mean, Billy?" I asked, while a sudden fear shot all over me like lightning. "You're just playing go away, aren't you?"

"No, I ain't playing, Molly!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Me and you and doc is a-going across the ocean for a long, long time away from here. Doc

"Me and you and Doc is a-going across the ocean."

ast me about it this morning, and I told him all right and you could come with us if you was good. He said couldn't I go without you if you was busy and couldn't come and I told him you would put things down and come if I said so. Won't you, Molly? It won't be no fun without you and you'd cry all by yourself with me gone." His little face was all drawn up with anxiety and sympathy at my lonely estate with him out of it, and a cry rose up from my heart with a kind of primitive savagery at what I felt was coming down upon me.

Without waiting to take him with me or think or do anything but feel deadly, savage anger, I hurried across the garden and into Dr. Moore's office, where he was just laying off his gloves and dust coat.

"What do you mean, John Moore, by daring—daring to think you can go and take Billy away from me?" I demanded, looking at him with what must have been such fear and madness in my face that he was startled as he came close to the table against which I leaned. His face had grown white and quiet at my attack, and he waited to answer for a long, horrible minute that pulled me apart like one of those inquisition machines they used to torture women with when they didn't know any better modern way to do it.

"I didn't know Bill would tell you so soon, Mrs. Molly," he said at last gently, looking past me out of the window into the garden. "I was coming over just as soon as I got back from this call to talk with you about it, even if it did seem to intrude Bill's and my affairs into a day that—that ought to be all yours to be—be happy in. But Bill, you see, is no respecter of—of other people's happy days if he wants them in his."

"Billy's happy days are mine, and mine are his, and he has the heart not to leave me out even if you would have him!" I exclaimed, a sob gathering in my heart at the thought that my little lover hadn't even taken in a situation that would separate him from me across an ocean.

"Bill is too young to understand when he is—is being bereaved, Molly," he said, and still he didn't look at me. "I have been appointed a delegate to represent the State Medical association at the centennial congress in London the middle of next month, and somehow I feel a bit pulled lately, and I thought I would take the little chap and have—have a 'wanderjahr.' You won't need him now, Mrs. Peaches, and I couldn't go without him, could I?" The sadness in his voice would have killed me if I hadn't let it madden me instead.

"Won't need Billy any more?" I exclaimed, with a rage that made my voice literally scorch past my lips. "Was there ever a minute in his life that I haven't needed Billy? How dare you say such a thing to me? You are cruel, cruel, and I have always known it—cold and cruel like all other men who don't care how they wring the life blood out of women's hearts and are willing to use their children to do it with. Even the law doesn't help us poor helpless creatures, and you can take our children and go with them to the ends of the earth and leave us suffering. I have gone on and believed that you were not like what the women say all men are and that you cared whether you hurt people or not, but now I see that you are just the same, and you'll take my baby away if you want to, and I can do nothing to prevent it—nothing in the wide world. I am completely and absolutely helpless. You coward, you!"

When that awful word, the worst word that a woman can use to a man, left my lips a flame shot up into his eyes that I thought would burn me up, but in a half second it was extinguished by the strangest thing in the world—for the situation—a perfect flood of mirth. He sat down in his chair and shook all over, with his head in his hands, until I saw tears creep through his fingers. I had calmed down so suddenly that I was about to begin to cry in good earnest when he wiped his eyes and said, with a low laugh in his throat:

"The case is yours, Molly, settled out of court, and the 'possession nine points of the law clause' works in some cases for a woman against a man. Generally speaking anyway, the pup belongs to the man who can whistle him down, and you can whistle Bill from me any day. I'm just his father, and what I think or want doesn't matter. You had better take him and keep him."

"I intend to," I answered haughtily, uncertain as to whether I had better give in and be agreeable or stay prepared to cry in case there was further argument. But suddenly a strange diffidence came into his eyes, and he looked away from me as he said in queer, hesitating words:

"You see, Mrs. Molly, I thought from now on your life wouldn't have exactly a place for Bill. Have you considered that you have trained him to demand you all the time and all of you? How would you manage Bill—and—and other claims?"

(To be continued)

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☞ Those owing me are kindly asked to make settlement with W. A. Duncan, who has a statement of my accounts.
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It will constantly give practical advice as to how women may earn a living without sacrificing any of the womanly attributes.

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TIME TABLE, June 1, 1913

EASTWARD

STATIONS	Daily A. M. Lv	Daily ex Sunday A. M. Lv
Licking River	11 20	7 45
Liberty Road	f	f
Index	11 32	7 57
Malone	11 40	8 03
Wells	f	f
Stacy Fork	f	f
Lewis	f	f
Caney	11 56	8 22
Cannel City	12 00	8 30
Adele	12 35	8 41
Helechawa	12 41	8 47
Lee City	12 47	8 53
Rose Fork	12 54	9 00
Hampton	1 06	9 12
Wilhurst	1 13	9 19
Vancleve	1 19	9 25
Frozen	1 25	9 30
O & K Junction	1 43	9 45
Jackson	1 50	9 50
	P. M. Ar Daily	A. M. Ar Daily ex Sunday

WESTWARD

STATIONS.	Daily ex Sunday P.M. Ar	Daily P. M. Ar	Daily ex Sunday A.M. Ar
Licking River	1 15		7 40
Liberty Road	f		f
Index	1 00		7 29
Malone	12 52		7 22
Wells	f		f
Stacy Fork	f		f
Lewis	f		f
Caney	12 35		7 04
Cannel City	12 30	6 50	7 00
Adele	11 55	6 40	
Helechawa	11 49	6 34	
Lee City	11 43	6 28	
Rose Fork	11 36	6 21	
Hampton	11 24	6 06	
Wilhurst	11 17	5 59	
Vancleve	11 12	5 53	
Frozen	11 06	5 46	
O & K Junction	10 50	5 29	
Jackson	10 40	5 20	
	A.M. Lv Daily ex Sunday	P. M. Leaves Daily	A.M. Lv Daily ex Sunday

In addition to the above, Sunday train will leave Jackson at 5:10 p. m., make connection at O. & K. Junction with L. & E. train No. 2, and run to Licking River, arriving there at 7:23 p. m., and will then return to Cannel City, arriving at 8:10 p. m.

M. L. CONLEY,
Gen'l Manager.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November.
J. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. Vaugh, Commonwealth Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillipps, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Commissioner.

County Court: On Second Monday in each month.
Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.
Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.
I. C. FERGUSON,
Presiding Judge.

Magistrate's Court.

First District—W. G. Short, First Monday in each month.
Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after First Monday in each month.
Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after First Monday in each month.
Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after First Monday in each month
Fifth District—J. S. McGuire, Wednesday after Second Monday in each month.
Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after Second Monday in each month.
Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after Second Monday in each month.
Eighth District — Franklin Walter, Thursday after First Monday in each month.

County Officers.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson.
Attorney—J. P. Haney.
Sheriff—Frank Kennaird.
Treasurer—W. M. Gardner.
Clerk—J. H. Sebastian.
Supt. Schools—T. N. Barker.
Jailor—H. C. Combs.
Assessor—Whitt Kemplin.
Coroner—C. F. Lykins.
Surveyor—M. P. Turner.
Fish and Game Warden—
Jno. M. Perry.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county holds its regular meeting the Second Monday in each month.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good. I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of wonderful success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for *Special Instructions* on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. E66-B

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The Courier, West Liberty, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

The John Oakley farm, eight miles north of West Liberty, on Painter branch, containeng 135 acres, 60 or 70 acres improved land, some bottom land and some grass; two good dwellings and good outbuildings; good well and nice young orchard. Entire farm well watered; within half mile of school house which is also used for church. Price $650.00.

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Farmer's Corner.

Cover Crops.

Kentucky is a land largely made up of rolling, hilly, or even mountainous areas with most of its soil of a clay formation. These two conditions present a most favorable combination for washing and in nearly every part of the State one becomes impressed with the terrible damage done annually by the gullying of sloping areas caused by heavy rains. Corn is Kentucky's principal crop, especially from the standpoint of area planted and this crop after the thorough loosening of the soil from cultivation during the summer months leaves the ground in perfect condition for washing and subsequent gullying. The most effective way of preventing this great damage to our farms is by never leaving these cultivated areas open to the heavy rains of fall and winter, this being prevented by providing some growing crop to cover the ground during these seasons

The plant most in favor as a cover crop in this state is rye. This is because of the relative cheapness of the seed, the lateness at which rye can be sown, the comparative certainty of getting a stand, its degree of immunity to winter freezing, and the pasture which the crop furnishes before plowing under preparatory to the next year's crop.

Rye as a cover crop may be sown in the corn field any time from September fifteenth to October fifteenth, the earlier seeding often furnishing good late fall and winter pasture. It would be an excellent practice if each farmer would annually sow enough rye as a regular crop to provide sufficient seed for planting all areas on the farm which otherwise would be left naked during the winter.

Doubtless the only shortcoming of rye as a cover crop is that it does not feed upon nitrogen taken directly from the air and hence add more of this valuable element of plant food to the soil. We must look to the so-called leguminous plants to perform this function. Hairy, or winter vetch perhaps best supplements this need, and can be successfully grown with rye by reducing the quantity of rye seed and sowing during September, preferably not later than the 15th of that month. Rye and vetch after mixing can be sown from the grain drill, in which from two to three pecks of rye and about twenty pounds of vetch per acre should be used. Winter vetch has a slim stem, leaflets somewhat resembling those of alfalfa in shape, and a blue clustering blossom which appears shortly before the ripening of the rye Its reclining nature makes the rye of great benefit in its support for with its tendrils the vetch climbs nearly to the full height of the rye. The feeding value of vetch is excellent and more Kentucky farmers should test its merits as a cover crop, with rye.

H. B. HENDRICK,
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SUNSHINE!

The Italians have a saying, "Where the sunlight is shut out, the doctor is let in." Fire, steam and a few powerful chemicals are the only things that will kill disease germs as quickly as sunlight. The germ in the spit of a consumptive, exposed to the glare of the July sun for an hour or two, are dead or harmless. Nor is the sunshine any more friendly to the other tiny enemies of mankind. Consequently, leave your windows and shutters open for the fresh air and sunshine several hours every day. If you are afraid it is going to fade the carpet, take up the carpet. Bare floors are cleaner and consequently more healthful any way. Instead of carpets use rugs and frequently expose them to the fresh air and sunshine. Give the fresh air and sunshine as much access to your whole body as possible. Exercise out of doors daily, with garments no heavier than necessary. The fresh air and sunshine, as well as the exercise, will stimulate the action of the skin in throwing off the waste products of the body.

Kentucky Tuberculosis Commission.

London's Primitive Water Pipes.

London's water supply formerly came through wooden pipes. These were of the simplest construction, formed of the stems of small elm trees, drilled through the center and cut in lengths of about six feet, one end being tapered so as to fit into the adjoining pipe. The wooden pipes, of which at one time more than 400 miles were in use, leaked considerably, decayed rapidly, burst during frosts and were always troublesome. It was not until 1830 that they began to be superseded by cast iron, and a quarter of a century later some of the old wooden pipes were still in use.

When the Mind Is Ripened.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the subject. A chemist may tell his most most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. . . . . Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.—Emerson.

Bearer of Great Name a Menial.

Somebody has discovered on the electoral roll of the city of Melbourne a gentleman named Oliver Cromwell, who by occupation is described as a "theater packer." The duty of the "packer" is to squeeze as many people as possible into the pit and gallery. There have been complaints in Melbourne lately about his ungentle methods and his unchivalrous handling of women.

Warm Enough?

While coaching a class of children for a little play, the teacher told the boys that in the third act they would have to wear their heavy overcoats, as that would be the snow scene. After a short silence little fellow about seven years old raised hi hand and said: "Teacher, father can't finish my overcoat in time because he works late; but will it be all right if I wear my heavy underwear?"

Carlyle's Caustic Humor.

By a great and extraordinary piece of magnanimity the prime minister of the day offered to make Carlyle a Grand Cross of the Bath in a very admirable and interesting letter, to which Carlyle replied in a perfectly worthy way. But Carlyle in private said—he was then very old: "What should I do with a G. C. B.? They would say Grand Cap and Bells."

Tender Heart.

An Irishman, being asked by his angry master what he did to the dog every day to make him cry out as if cruelly treated, replied: "Cruelly trait him, yer honor? Not I! I never could hurt a poor dumb crathur in me loife; but yer honor bade me cut his tail, and so I only cut a little bit off every day, to make it more easy for him."

Where the Exercise Came in.

Even doctors are not always literal in their prescriptions. "You must take exercise," said the doctor to a patient. "The motor car in a case like yours gives the best exercise that—" "But I cannot afford a car on insurance pay," the patient growled. "Don't buy one, just dodge 'em!" said the doctor.

Echo of the Circus.

"Oh, mamma," shouted little Eddie, as he ran to his mother in great glee, "what do you think? I was just over there where they're putting up the circus, and they're filling the ring all full of breakfast food."

SAYS LOT IS HARD

Countess Says Daughters of Aristocracy Can't Marry.

Complains Because Their Brothers Wed Actresses and Rich American Girls, While They Are Limited to Professional Men.

A well-known, but unnamed countess, writing in a London publication, unburdens her mind as follows: Social tendencies of today make it a handicap for a girl to be the daughter of a peer —unless he is enormously rich.

What do we see? Most of our young men of title, if they are not chosing their wives from the variety stage or from musical comedy, are going to America for them.

But does one ever hear of an actor marrying a girl of title? Does one ever hear of an American gentleman marrying an English girl of title?

I know of only one instance. She is the daughter of an earl, and had the misfortune to lose her American husband a few years after marriage.

Occasionally a self-made Englishman shows a tendency to marry into the aristocracy, but it frequently happens in such cases that the wooer is not acceptable to the young lady at whom he sets his cap. He is generally very much older, perhaps old enough to be her father, and he has spent his best years in making his "pile."

The English girl accepts the rivalry of the American girl with the best grace possible. The American certainly brings money with her, and money has always been a recognized weapon in the fight for marriage. But she is, to put it quite frankly, just a little resentful of these stage marriages.

Of course we have always had peers marrying actresses since actresses first made their appearance on the boards in the time of Charles II. There was the marriage of the twelfth Lord Derby to Eliza Farren, from whom Lord Wilton is descended.

Later on the first earl of Craven, to mention but one other instance, married Louisa Brunton, the great-grandmother of the present Lord Craven.

But in all these instances the actress was famous in her profession quite apart from her marriage to a peer. Nowadays, however, it is not always absolutely necessary to be a first-rate or even a second-rate actress to catch an old title.

No wonder our girls, my own among them, are thinking that the surest way to matrimony is to go on the stage. What a commotion there would be if one morning it were announced that Lady Rose —— the daughter of the earl of —— were engaged to Mr. Brown, the third-rate actor? Yet why, for if her brother puts a coronet on the head of Miss Brown, the third-rate actress, nobody is shocked?

It will come to this, that our girls, many of them, will have to make up their minds to accept middle-class professional men. Already a fair number of them are married to doctors, solicitors, architects and parsons. At one time it would have been looked upon as a dreadful mesalliance for the daughter of an earl to wed a solicitor or a doctor.

Officers of the army and navy, barristers and clergymen were regarded as of a higher social rank, but even with the clergy, at least those of the lower grade, there was a time when they were held to be suitably matched if they paired off with the lady's maids.

Because our young men of title will have their own way and marry out of their order, their sisters will be compelled to look lower for their own husbands.

Many of my peeress friends have found no difficulty in marrying their daughters in their own station of life but I know other cases where whole families of five, six or seven girls are "on the shelf." Some turn to nursing, some take up philanthropic work, some are ardent suffragists. But if they were quite frank about it they would confess that they would sooner be wives.

Associations of Leadenhall Street.

Leadenhall street, which the city fathers of London are widening, is popularly associated with poultry, but posseses many literary and political memories. On the South side, near the entrance to the market, stood "John Company's" East India house, where the two austere Mills and their spiritual antithesis, Charles Lamb, were once clerks. In this street Gibbon's great-grandfather won the wealth that gave the historian leisure for his task; and here Peter Motteux, the translator of "Don Quixote," kept a tea-shop. Nos. 156 and 157 stand partly on the site where the little midshipman in "Dombey and Son" used to hang out. It was at the house of Lord Mayor Allen in Leadenhill street that General Monk dined on the fateful day he finally broke with parliament; and at a vanished hostelry called the King's Head the Jacobites plotted for the restoration of the Old Pretender.

Strange Effect.

"Brother Steadman, you musn't mind my telling you that I didn't think your sermon last Sunday was anywhere near up to your mark. it seemed kind o' thin and wishy-washy like."

"But think, Sister Millsap, what a hot day it was! The heads of my sermon just wilted and couldn't hold themselves up, and my ideas all melted and ran together."

Fancy Prices.

R. M. Oakley sold to a Mr. Lewis, of Blair's Mills, Saturday, two weanling calves for $45.00 cash. This doesn't indicate that the drouth has seriously affected the price of cattle.

For dullness resulting from constipation use Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of Morgan county, to be voted for at the regular November election (1913) subject to the action of all free and independent voters. I have selected as my chief deputy, B. S. Stamper, of Sellars. I have many good and sufficient reasons for becoming a candidate, which I will give in ample time. I expect all my friends to be loyal and true, and that they will see to it that I am treated right and fair in this race.

JAMES M. MCCLAIN.

After being urged by many of the best citizens of Morgan county to do so, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of all the free and independent voters of the county. Election November 1913.

GEORGE STACY.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of all free and independent voters of Morgan county, at the regular 1913 November election. I solicit the support of all independent and free voters of Morgan county. I will arrange my deputies later on, and will give ample reasons for making this race.

S. S. OLDFIELD.

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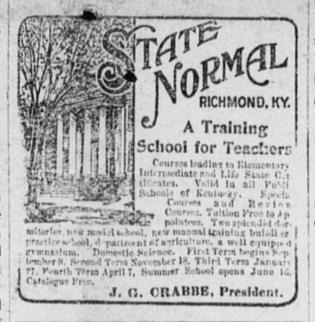

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Kodol For Indigestion. Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's family pills for constipation

Take One Pain Pill, then—Take it Easy.

To Head-Off a Headache

Nothing is Better than

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They Give Relief Without Bad After-Effects.

"It gives me great pleasure to offer a word of recommendation for Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, as there are thousands suffering unnecessarily from headache. I was afflicted intermittently for years with headache and after other remedies failed, I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. For the past ten years I have carried them constantly with me, getting instant relief by using one or two on the approach of headache. They are also effective for neuralgia, giving immediate relief." C. M. BROWN, Estherville, Ia.

For Sale by All Druggists.
25 Doses, 25 Cents.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Morgan Circuit Court.

W. D. Reed, Plaintiff,
vs. Notice of Sale.
J. H. & E. J. Day, Defendant.

By virue of a judgment and order of sale of the Morgan Circuit Court, rendered at the March term thereof, 1913, in the above styled action, the undersigned will on

Monday, September 8, 1913.

(being County Court Day) at 1 o'clock, p. m, or thereabouts, proceed to offer at public auction to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, at the front door of the court house in the town of West Liberty, Ky., the property mentioned in the judgment, to-wit:

The following described tract of land lying and being in the county of Morgan and State of Kentucky, and on the waters of Little Caney creek, and a part of the H. B. Elam farm and bounded as follows: Beginning at the creek in the county road; thence with the division fence between Reed and John D. Engle, to a set stone at the corner of Reed's barn; thence north with the wire fence to a set stone, Jennie Carr's corner; thence south with the creek to the beginning. Said land was sold to defendant E. J. Day.

Or a sufficiency thereof to produce the sum of $134.60 so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing legal interest from day of sale according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. A lien will be retained on the land sold till all the purchase money is paid. Bond payable to S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner Morgan Circuit Court. 167-3

S. R. COLLIER, M. C. M. C. C.
By J. D. LYKINS, D. M. C.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State of Kentucky and County of Morgan for the years below stated, I, or one of my deputies will on

Monday, September 8, 1913,

(it being County Court day) at the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., or thereabouts, offer for sale at public outcry, at the front door of the court house in the town of West Liberty, the following real estate, to-wit:

1912. Consolidated Coke & Coal Co., land on North Fork. (Supervisors' raise) Tax, $79.38; penalty, 5.76; int., 4.32; cost, 2.50; total, $91.96.

1912. Milford Adkins, lot at Redwine. Tax, $2.14; penalty, 0.13; int., 0.09; cost, 2.36; total, $4.86.

1912. Emmett Elam, land at Wrigley. Tax, $3.48; penalty, 0.21; int, 0.15; cost, 2.50; total, $6.34.

1912. W. G. Gibson, lot at Redwine Tax, $3.40; penalty, 0.20; int., 0.15; cost, 2.50; total, $6.25.

1912. J. M. Helton, H & Lot near John S. Carter. Tax, $5.91; penalty 0.35; int., 0.27; cost, 2.50; total, $9.03.

1912. F. M. Robison, land on Yocum. Tax, $10.54; penalty, 0.63; int., 0.45; cost, 2.50; total, $14.12.

1213. F. M. and Cynthia. Robison. Same tract. Tax, $4.50; cost, 2.50: total, $7.00.

H. B. BROWN, S. M. C.
By J. T. PERRY, D. S.

Famous Address

OF

Col. John T. Hazelrigg

DELIVERED JULY 4, 1776

Many of our older citizens will remember hearing the justly famous Historical Address of the eloquent Colonel Hazelrigg, and because of the historical value of it to Morgan county we have printed and bound it and offer it for sale while they last at 25 cents a copy. Address

The COURIER,
West Liberty, Ky.

Neuralgia causes great suffering. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills give great relief.

AT THE

Big Store

We have received the biggest stock of goods ever offered to the public in West Liberty.

This means goods of the very latest styles and patterns, of every kind and quality, and should you visit the great department stores of the cities you will not find more up-to-date goods than we have to offer.

We are sole agents for the celebrated

SELBY SHOES

for Ladies, and have a full and complete line now on hand. Our line of Selby Oxfords, of all leathers and kinds, will be in this week, and our prices will be the lowest. Don't take chances—you want the correct footwear—so buy from us.

Our Reputation for handlers of reputable goods in your midst for the bast 15 years is your guarantee that you will not be deceived.

Trade with the old reliable merchant of West Liberty and you will make no mistake.

We are the only merchant who visits the mareets and brings to you the very latest styles. The goods we offer you can not be purchased by catalogue. They must be seen. The people of West Liberty apppeciate this fact.

We want to serve you with the best and will appreciate your trade.

C. W. Womack.

WATCH US GROW!

Three years ago we began with a little more than $25,000 deposits. Now we have more than $100,000. Good business methods and courteous treatment did it. Don't you want to grow with us?

Our growth has been more than 100 per cent per year.

Do Business the Safe way.

Capital Stock and Surpus $ 16,500.
Deposits, $ 100,000.

COMMERCIAL BANK,
West Liberty, Ky.

S. R. COLLIER, President. I. C. FERGUSON, Vice-President.
W. A. DUNCAN, Cashier. D. S. HENRY, Asst. Cashier.

AT THE NEW STORE.

We want to thank everybody in West Liberty and Morgan county for the nice trade they have given us in the past six months. We are filling our new store up with all the latest styles and most up-to-date merchandise that can be purchased.

Our stock of

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS

will be complete in every department.

We have about

2,000 pairs of shoes

for men, women and children, and all the latest styles. You see, we buy direct from the manufacturers, which enables us to give you the lowest prices.

We also handle and sell the

STEUDEBAKER WAGONS,

the most of you know what they are. We want to say that they run light and carry heavy loads.

Our new **CLOTHING** is coming in, and everybody can be suited in quality and price.

The Golden Rule is good for us all, therefore, we believe in selling to everybody at one price. Don't take our word for it but come and see. It will pay you in the end.

We are not strangers among you by any means. We are the same people and have the same love for Morgan county that you have. One thing we want to say about the little children in West Liberty and the country. Since we opened up business here we have noticed quite a number of little folks, probably not more than four or five years old, that frequently come to our store and trade like grown people. The seemed to know just what they want and what they wanted they liked to pay for. This, we suppose, is due to the splendid training by their parents, which we are glad to tell through the columns ot this paper.

Again we want to thank everybody very kindly for the nice trade we have had and hope to have it continued. We would quote some prices, but you can't tell what a real bargain is until you see the quality of the goods.

Come and see us. Our prices are all right.

Respectfully yours,

T. B. Sturdivent & Son.

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.